LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*
Ad No. 116—Req. No. 77637—26 in.—B&W—2 col. (3 11/16) x 13 in. (B)
College Newspapers, Week of February 9, 1959

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SMOOCH

Back in my courting days (the raccoon coat was all the rage, everybody was singing *Good Morning, Mister Zip Zip Zip*, and young Bonaparte had just left Corsica), back, I say, in my courting days, the standard way to melt a girl's heart was to write poetry to her.

I don't understand why young men today have abandoned this gambit. There is nothing like poetry for moving a difficult girl. What's more, poems are ridiculously easy to write. The range of subjects is endless. You can write a poem about a girl's hair, her eyes, her lips, her walk, her talk, her clothes—anything at all. Indeed, one of my most effective love lyrics was called *To Maud's Pencil Box*. It went like this:

In your dear little leatherette pencil box
Are pencils of yellow and red,
And if you don't tell me you love me soon,
I'll hit you on top of the head.

Honesty compels me to admit that this poem fell short of success. Nothing daunted, I wrote another one. This time I pulled a switch: I threatened *myself* instead of Maud.

Oh, Maud, pray stop this drivel
And tell me you'll be mine,
For my sweetbreads they do shrivel
And wind around my spine.

My heart doth cease its beating,
My spleen unreels and warps,
My liver stops secreting,
Soon I needs be a corpse.

When this heart-rending ballad failed to win Maud, I could only conclude that she was cruel and heartless and I was better off without her. Accordingly I took back my Hi-Y pin, bade her adieu, and have not clapped eyes on her since. Last I heard, she was working in Galveston as a Plimsoll line.

But I did not mourn Maud long, for after Maud came Doris—Doris of the laughing eyes, Doris of the shimmering hair, Doris of the golden tibiae! Within moments of meeting her, I whipped up a torrent of trochaic tetrameter:

Oh, my sweet and dulcet Doris!
I love you like a Philip Morris
With its mild and rich tobacco
In its white and scarlet pack-o.
I'd swim from Louisville to Natchez
For Philip Morris and you and matches.

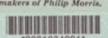
Well, of course, the dear girl couldn't resist a poem like that —what girl could?—and she instantly became my slave. For the rest of the semester she carried my books, washed my car, and cored my apples. There is no telling where it all would have ended if she hadn't been drafted.

So, men, you can see the power of poetry. Try it yourself. All you need is a rhyming dictionary, a quill pen, and a second-hand muse.

© 1959, Max Shulman

* * *

Let's drop rhyme and turn to reason. The reason Marlboro has gone to the head of the filter cigarette class is simple: better "makin's"—a flavor that pleases, a filter that works. Marlboro—from the makers of Philip Morris.



Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/ 2061034091